

Telegraph
and
Station } Seend.

Christmas Day. 1910.

CLEEVE HOUSE,
MELKSHAM,
WILTS.

Dearest Virginia,

it is you, I suppose, I must thank for
the Syngs; how very magnificent; it
makes me feel rather mean. Strange
to say, Vanessa seemed pleased and
not angry with you for giving her a
present, but then she had given
you one first. I had not hand in
it, or at least no share. My
holiday opened very brightly with a
very complimentary letter from Pendall,
but has fallen off steadily since.
You have been neglectful; really you
ought not to be; as a day without
a letter means nightmares of you
tumbling on the threshold of a mad-house.

I never said that Ray had n't any
brains; I suspect she's got plenty-
of a sort - like Gambo. I don't
mean that they're like Gambo's; but
G. has got brains, notwithstanding
which she smacks of yellow chess.
She won't bite me. The truth is
I don't cotton much to your young ladies.
Ray I like but she don't like me, S.R.
I take to be stuck-up and a mix.
I thought Mrs. Cornford seemed moderately
oppressive, and evidently she's under
the thumb of Albert Notherstein. By
the way, I've had another letter from
Lord Northcliffe, very friendly and rather
amusing, proposing a meeting after
Christmas, so I believe I shall down

Hamphrey. Poor Wat writes to say that
he has bought me some glasses in
Shenningham; and that Norfolk was
a dream of loveliness - green and
purple sloping from the ethereal
to the asquorral blue - or words to
that effect. I have written a short
review of Holmes on the Post-Impressionists;
finished Trelawny, whom I submit to
your attention, and said something
about a translation of St Antoine;
I have been rather busy you see.
I found Clough's 'Boothie' ~~very~~ readable
and amusing too, in an old world
way, but I shouldn't care to write
unless I could do something better.
~~than that~~ Why won't you ever send
me anything you write? I'm intensely
curious to know how your mind's
been moving these last three months.
Where are you now? Is it possible yours

really never caught by the current?
 Are you altogether a duck's back to
 influence? I suppose so, but let
 me see. It's very odd to me that
 anyone should have so definite
 a bent. Your path may zig-zag
 but its meanderings are never
 caused by the main road I believe.
 Nissa has had a letter from her
 paramour, which pleased her.
 She rather enjoyed being teased about
 it, and was head-tossy and shy
 and leggy. I haven't seen it and
 don't want to; for though I'm
 not jealous I must say that gentleman
 writes unconsciously dull letters.
 If you're Nissa, or in Nissa's place,
 it don't matter I daresay, though
 Mrs. Tarnhill's letters are ~~rather~~ a
 welcome sight to my eyes. But
 then some people own as vain
 as others. Do write me a letter; it's
 nice ~~to have~~ ^{to receive} letters of one's own than reading those
 from C. you send over wife.

P.S. Your cottage won't be allowed to
interfere with our walks will it?

Telegraph
and
Station } Seend.

Dec. 30. 1910.

CLEEVE HOUSE,
MELKSHAM,
WILTS.

Dearest, but most ungrateful, of
Virginia. Here is a third letter
and no hope of a reply. Of my
other nothing said, to me or to anyone
else. After all does it matter? One
wishes for the pleasure of it, and for the
pleasure of imagining you receiving. Any
way, for the future, I've determined never
to cut off my nose to spite my face, or
let little vanity come between me and my
affections. So you see I have been
thinking about you in the Wiltshire lances.

Yesterday we visited the lady Vaussa
calls my Wiltshire whom, but she and V.
were so busy forgetting each other that I
scarcely got in a word. On the contrary,
I had to entertain her plain and stupid
sister, who said she could see the sort
of art I cared for was that of Rossetti &
Burne Jones. By the way, did you hear that

Helen Holland took me for Rossini on
 Ashford platform. Well, as a reward
 for talking to the sister, I was invited
 to a children's party on Saturday, which
 means amorous dalliance I suppose, so
 I shall go. As Nissa's supposed to
 have a taste for champagne we drink a
 little almost every night, which makes
 the first hour after dinner pass gaily
 enough with cigars and a ^{drop of} ~~little~~ old brandy.
 the gramophone and a ^{NYPL} ~~NYPL~~ sib in the
 Nissa becomes 'logged', and five and the
 low chair between the ^{word five} ~~word five~~ and the
 moose-footed lamp. A ^{with clapping} ~~or else in the state of~~
 artificial vivacity ~~she~~ dashes about &
 invites Dorothy to instruct her in the
~~manipulation~~ manipulation of the instrument.
 Lorna reads 'Howard's End', Dorothy an
 old Punch, my father 'The Times', and my
 mother a book. All this in the big new
 library where we have succeeded in

mitigating the flicker light. Sometimes I manage to provoke a little local gossip which I enjoy, except when Lorna takes the bit between her teeth. At 10.0 Lorna and Dorothy retire to their respective bed-rooms, Nessa goes up to see her babies, and I run up ~~upstairs~~ ^{up} for a moment. I return with a volume of Sygne, which I am coming to think ~~is~~ is the best of the moderns. At 11.30 - my mother having left at 11.0 - we go up - Nessa & I - chat over the fire for a bit, and then I read myself to sleep with Freud's 'Sexual Studies' and V. with 'Clayhanger' again. I suppose? Is this the sort of thing that amuses you? If so, you must wait till some other day for an account of our afternoons.

In spite of his nurse, Juhan is my wife and happy; he runs about, shouts at the dogs, and fears the ducks & pigs. Claudian still suffers for lack of a name. I believe it would be much better to stick to the one he's got, though I don't much care for

it, and let him take another for himself
if he wants me when he is older.
Othemiss. I vote for Fabian or Christopher,
neither of which Vanessa can abide.
I doubt whether there will be any change.
Julian says Quentin would be best.
You too, see the Times don't you? They're
making a fuss about Butcher, but
I expect the lawn-tennis player was the
better man. I dare say Kitty or Nellie
will write to you about Mrs. Brotherton and
death. Nellie would not be so close about
that would she? It's hard to believe
in the real existence of such people, but
I wish I saw more of them sometimes.
They get glamour ^{NYPL} from their
shadowiness; but, my God, how
revolting, they're like the grotesque little
animals in blue cloth that Korea &
Dorothy stick on to hassocks and give to
their poorer friends at this time of year.
Perhaps, after all, they're only characters in
a novel by Miss Coleridge. Mabel - The Voyage
Out - I mean - with you K. a rise in the
scale of unsubstantial things I put pounds
of weight on her, like drinking milk or
a rest-cure. For you it will be like having
a baby, for her like a new treatment.
Empress.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Many happy returns of the day,
dearest Virginia, and how thrilling
to guess sometimes for an hour
or two at all that may fall
between them. If we are books:
some of them you have read
perhaps, if so let me carry
them home again. There are
good things by Swinburne in me,
and good fair by Doughty in
another. I don't know much

about the Irish Gaelic but I
am curious. I wasn't very
spring this afternoon, but I don't
apologize because ~~because~~ I think
you feel how much I enjoy
coming to sit with you, as the
old ^{NYPL} ~~Sssss~~ women say, whether
I am bright or dull, you say
or depressed. I'm not nearly so
shy of being impatient now
that I believe you realize what

it means to me; and I think
you do because otherwise you
wouldn't have written last
Sunday. I liked that. I'm

no longer afraid of your being
kind to me; it's a too
domestic ^{sort} of discipline and
brings too little happiness
unblighted. Besides, it's more

than those parts vanity and
self-torture. Your letters are
always a joy, greater than

you can guess, and when I
can believe their cause to be pure
affection greatst. This is a

birth-day
ever sort of letter, all about
myself, to say nothing of the
grammar. It's a real commemoration

all the same; for an event that
recalls the past year and you
sets me thinking on you and the
past year. I am amazed at
some things, the way I have been

managed since Twickenham days
amongst others. Shall we ever
talk of that I wonder? Well,

it's not only in feminine powers
of management that you have grown.

I admire you more than ever. I think

You're more beautiful, more charming,
and more like a genius than when
you were twenty-eight.

Yours affectionately.

C.

Pat. 9/12

P.S. Can't find the poem.

Telegraph
and
Station } Seend.

Wednesday

CLEEVE HOUSE,
MELKSHAM,
WILTS.

Dearest Virginia

if I'm not sick in the next thirty-five
minutes I'll finish and post a letter
to you tonight, for I think you'll
get nothing from the old lady. We motored
to Bath this morning and though we
skinned back again in next to no time,
I make ~~no doubt~~ ^{no doubt} Nessa'll spend the ^{whole} ~~time~~ ^{time}
between this and post-in ~~land~~ ^{land} her
children. I have been eating Bath buns
and puffed ^{hairs} ^{and} chocolates since
noon, - in spite of V's ^{paramour} ^{you}
see they do still make buns at Bath.
and I've sent you seven of them and
V. has sent as many to him. Now I've
got back, feeling rather ^{poorly}, to finish a
letter from Wat who threatens a long visit.
There's something in what he says, for

know: Christianity does make nice
people behave like idiotic cads. ^{We}
should never dream ^{our friends} of putting ~~people~~
with-athetical writings and killing
them they would go mad or to hell
if they weren't converted. What a spy
you are! Now you've him and crept
into Saxon's cupboard. But I'm glad
he's up in the world. I suppose you
do realize how sublime he is really.
As you say, think of Otoline. She'd
have become a church ^{NYPL} slut or a bawd.

Dorothy was staying with the Mauns
last night for a talk in Balto's tonight.
Lorne does the same; in the course
of the afternoon they met for the marriage
of a dear old gentleman friend - Mr.
Percy Sylvestre, the red-haired coroner,
one of the notable ~~dorsets~~ of the neighborhood.
I wish I could tell you more about it,
because I know you would be glad
to hear; but I am quite out of these
things so you must make what you
can out of what I have ^{said} ~~told~~ you. The

bride, a pretty Baltic girl (poor, I understand)
is 19 and the groom 39; but he always
liked them young. Lorna's pleasure both
this afternoon and this evening will suffer,
I fear, from the fact that she is
growing a heavy cup of red blanches
all round her chin. Now here are
two young women, leading the healthiest
of lives, of a certain age too, constantly
afflicted by this knive disease, can
you with your midwifery account for it?
Nessa having forgotten to post your letter
out last night, I kindly walked up to
the post with it immediately after breakfast,
and saw the steamy cows breaking the
cat's ice on the pond with their feet, and
the thrushes hammering snails on their anvils,
and all as still as still in the haw-frost;
but descriptive prose is bar'd. Will you
have a little spare-room in your collage
and invite me to sleep in it often? If
so I'm all in favour of the purchase.
Then have been two lucky matches since
we came here, at one of which I stood
up for. It was shocking to discover that

on each occasion amongst all the 22 people
there were not above three or four I knew.
So the world changes and we age. Lorna
seems to have a genius for getting shouts
of second-rate men and women, and
getting into them, if not of intimacy,
at least of familiarity. ~~in no time~~ It's
very curious, and rather sad I think. It
all seems so vain and so vivacious. Her
Dorothy's friends are her friends; and yet she's
ten years older and far from stupid.
Vanessa is bored and despondent; as usual I
am rather cheerful and amused. I
enjoy my meals ^{NYPL} and my books, like
watching my family and their friends
at work, and plunging into the swim
without difficulty. I am ambitious
almost; and there's no doubt the
Stephens are more refined. V. particularly
requests you to say whether you will dine
with us on the Wednesday. I enclose
a poem that I wrote in the summer and
is not much good I fear.

Ever yours affectionately,

C.

Ret. 9/12